
THE
ANARCHY and HORRORS
OF
FRANCE,

DISPLAYED

By a MEMBER of the CONVENTION.



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Bristol (2 P.)
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ANARCHY and HORRORS

OF

FRANCE,

DISPLAYED

By a MEMBER of the CONVENTION.

Periculum ex aliis facito, tibi quod usui sit.

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Learn to be Wise from others harm,
And thou shalt do full well.

LILLO.

PUBLISHED BY

AND MAY BE HAD

Of all the BOOKSELLERS in TOWN and COUNT Y

ANARCHY and HORRORS

FRANCE

DECEASED

BY A MEMBER of the CONVENTION

Translated by this Society, with notes by
J. E. S.



From the original
do not sell.

1810.

PUBLISHED BY

AND MAY BE HAD

Of all the BOOKSELLERS in Town and Country

P R E F A C E.

I THOUGHT I could not at this crisis do my country a more acceptable service, than in laying before it the following faithful Extracts from Monf. Brissot's Address to his Constituents. They are not the conjectures of the speculatist, nor the forebodings of the hypocondriac: they are neither the reveries of fancy, nor the effusions of malice: but a plain detail of facts, by one of the principal actors in them; a true picture of France, drawn by an able artist, by one of the most capital hands in the whole Convention. Monf. Brissot, the Friend of Lord Lauderdale, Lord Lansdown, and other English Patriots, who admired his principles, and extolled his virtues, took a most active part in the French Revolution; and was so flaming a Republican that he hoped, as he expressed himself in one of his

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Letters, to set fire to the four corners of the earth :—he panted and yearned to expand the Atmosphere of Freedom over the face of the whole Globe, that the most distant nations might breath this pure and ethereal spirit. With this humane and benevolent intention he corresponded with persons here, of congenial souls ; and sent them occasionally most promising slips from the Tree of Liberty ; that Tree which, it is found by experience, will neither flourish, nor bear fruit, nor afford shelter or shade, except where it is well watered with tears, and the soil fattened with human blood.

Monf. Brissot, not at all disheartened at those calamities and horrors, which distract, and harrow up his country, but regarding them rather as the natural and necessary consequences of a Revolution, proposes an easy, and immediate remedy for them all. And what is that ? Only, says he, establish Order, and a Constitution, and every thing will be well. Sayest thou so, thou Son of Anarchy, thou arch-instigator of Confusion?

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Art *thou* at last an Advocate for Order, and a Constitution?—What a fund of consolation does this afford to Mons. Brissot's Jacobin friends on this side the water; and what encouragement for them to go on with the great work of Revolution? They have nothing to do—when they have taken off every restraint of Law, Morality, and Religion, from the minds of the people—when they have levelled all distinctions, and broken down the enclosures of property—when they have let loose on society the most abandoned miscreants, the most ferocious monsters, to rob, to plunder, to burn, to massacre—they have nothing to do—when they begin to grow vertiginous with the confusion, and their minds are stunned with a repetition of those horrors, which Mons. Brissot tells us are *quite natural* after a Revolution—they have nothing to do, but to re-establish Order!—The Facility of this will admit of a familiar illustration: Suppose a pack of Bloodhounds were let loose—their fangs well fleshed—in eager pursuit—in

—in full cry—in full view of their prey—how easy would it be to call them off by a word, and drive them back to their kennels! It is not perhaps *quite* so easy to reduce a licentious Mob to order, as to call off a pack of blood hounds in full chace; though our Jacobins, our Patriots, seem to be of a different opinion: I trust however they will be cautious how they make the experiment; for this same Mob, these same bloodhounds will sometimes turn upon their keepers, as they did upon Monfr. Brissot and his party, and tear them to pieces.

It is impossible to give the faction of the Girondists more credit for their patriotism, and the purity of their intentions, than Monfr. Brissot allows to the Jacobins: I believe the picture of France would have been just as horrible at present, if his party had prevailed, by doing what self-preservation certainly dictated, by cutting off the heads of their opponents. It is in France, as it must be in every country, where the laws and government are dissolved
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the power is in the hands of the multitude, and can only be exercised by *their* creatures, and according to *their* pleasure. To obtain the exercise of this power, the people must be indulged, cajoled, and imposed upon: they can be indulged only by rapine and murder, cajoled by flattery, and imposed upon by specious professions of devotion to their service. Hence must necessarily arise a variety of agonizing factions, every one of which will have the same views of interest and ambition. The boldest and most crafty will possess the power to-day, to-morrow they will be superceded and guillotined by another more desperate and designing. This is precisely the Government of France; and such would be the Government too of this Country, if the English Jacobins were not restrained in their attacks upon the venerable fabric of our glorious constitution. To pretend that there is a regular Government in France, founded upon law, and conducted upon principles of Justice, is an affront to the common sense, and conviction of mankind.

mankind. There is just such a Government in France, as must necessarily exist among a numerous Banditti in a forest: some one must have the power, and be obeyed: he must issue his orders for provisions, and for the general safety: the plans of operation must be debated upon and determined: parties must be sent out to pillage and plunder, just as France sends her armies into the field: these parties must have a Leader, or General, whose order they must obey, and they are under the horrid necessity either to conquer or die. But do you call this a Government? Or, because these different parties may at different times subdue the forces, sent into the Forest to rout and suppress them, would you therefore call it a Government? The man who can reason in this manner should be sent to Bedlam or the French Convention.

But we will even allow, for argument's sake, that there is a Government in France: yet is it not the worst of all governments, the *Government of the Mob?* that acts, not
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upon principles of Reason, for those it is incapable of, but from caprice, from passion, from the impulse of the moment; that is founded upon Terror; that pillages property, instead of protecting it; and is constantly invading the personal safety, and rights of all its subjects. And is this a Government that we can treat with, either with honour or security? *Monf. Brissot*, who knew of what stuff it was made, tells us, No! We cannot treat with such a Government, without abandoning our Allies, and exposing ourselves to contempt and infamy; we cannot treat with them, without abandoning ourselves to the mercy of a perfidious enemy, who makes a jest of every tie moral and divine, and who, if she was this moment at peace with all the world, would find it necessary, for self-preservation, to employ her numerous Armies of unprincipled ruffians in disturbing the repose, invading the territories, and overturning the Religion and Government of all her neighbours!

EXTRACTS

FROM

BRISSOT'S ADDRESS

TO

HIS CONSTITUENTS.

I HAVE announced, from the commencement of the Convention, that there is in France a Party of Disorganizers, of Anarchists, which has been, and is still the sole cause of all the Evils which afflict France.

It must be our first business rightly to define that Anarchy, which Knaves dexterously confound with Patriotism: it consists then in Laws without execution; crimes unpunished; Property of every kind attacked; personal safety violated; the morals of the people corrupted: No Constitution, no Government, no Justice.

It was my opinion, on coming into the Convention, that since Royalty was annihilated, in-

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furrectional movements ought to cease: I was aware indeed that at the end of a Revolution, it was difficult to calm the commotions of the people, because their agitation was the natural effect of the force of events, and it is *quite natural* that they should break to pieces their own work. But I thought at the same time that if those popular impulses, which throw Society into terrible convulsions, were continued too long, the people in that case would tear themselves to pieces.

It was my opinion that they would soon come to regret the tranquillity of their former bondage; because the People wish to be happy, and happiness does not consist in the eternal repetition of violent convulsions: if Robbers live by Sedition, the People live by Repose. My opinion was, that Order alone could procure this Tranquillity; that Order consisted in a religious respect for the Laws, the Magistracy, Property of all kinds, and Personal Safety. I conceived that this Doctrine was as good, and more useful for the citizen who does not possess any thing, than for the citizen who possesses property: because the first can live only by constant labour; and there can be no constant labour for the poor, where there is not constant safety, both of Life and Property, to the Rich.

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I thought then, that the truest Enemies of the People were the Anarchists, the Preachers of an Agrarian Law, the Instigators of Sedition; that all Insurrection could not but be fatal to the People, and to Liberty; that the Doctrine of eternal Insurrection must draw after it pillage and massacres, which must weary out, and disgust the Nation. I consequently thought that all my efforts ought to be directed against the Anarchists, both the Fools, who talk of nothing but disorganizing, when it is our business to organize; and the Knaves, whose sole view is to acquire Riches and Dominion to themselves, by their Revolutionary power. I have never ceased to unmask their manœuvres, because I saw in them the certain Ruin of Liberty. A score of Anarchists have usurped, through the whole empire, an influence which Reason alone ought to possess—men always employed to keep the people in agitation; to discredit by calumnies the Constituted Authorities; to protect crimes by impunity; and to relax all the bonds of Society.

There is little freedom of opinion, where the Fear of Calumny prevails; there is still less, when that Calumny may lead to Assassination. It is with this two-edged weapon, that the Anarchists have found means to bring under the yoke, and

to harness to their triumphant car, the Aristocrats of Property, who dreaded physical Assassination; and the pretended independents, who dreaded a moral Assassination. The Members of the Convention hear the blood-thirsty motions of the Jacobin Club: they learn with horror the unknown details of the Massacre of the 2d of September. They stand in dread of the renewal of it. Above all, they stand in dread of being themselves the Victims: they imagine that by making some sacrifices, they may appease the Anarchists; they are therefore complaisant to their usurpation of authority, complaisant to Robbery and Murder. Every one says to himself, if the Convention is obliged to capitulate with a gang of Robbers, how can I have the folly to think of contending with them? These are the men, who making themselves Masters of the Rostrum have banished from it all wise and regular discussions: perpetual Dictators of the Hall, they have found out the secret of filling the Galleries with creatures of their own, hired to applaud their extravagancies, and to hoot their Adversaries. These are the men who for the security of their own power, finding it necessary to perpetuate disorders, have divided Society into two classes, those who have something, and those who have nothing, the Sans Culottes,

lottes, and the men of property ; and have excited the former to ruin the latter class : these are the men, who have never ceased to raise up against their adversaries Addresses, Poignards, and Scaffolds. With what art did they dress out in the colours of Patriotism the Revolutionary Tribunal ; that instrument, created by the conspirators either to deter the simple Citizens, who might otherwise attempt to oppose themselves to their fury, or perhaps to destroy, by the Sword of the Law, those Republican Deputies, who might escape the Dagger of the Assassins ? It is a Tribunal, calculated to make one regret almost the destruction of the Bastiles of Despotism. I now put it to every man of candour, where is the supreme Authority lodged ? Is it in the Convention, or in the Revolutionary Tribunal ? Is it in that Tribunal, or in Marat* ? Is it in Marat, or in the factious band that protects him ? The National Representation lies in the Commune of Paris : No ! it is not in the Commonalty of Paris, that the exercise of the National Sovereignty resides. It resides in a Club, or rather in a score of those Robbers, who direct that Club : it is There, that

* This was written before the Death of Marat, and you may substitute now the name of Robespierre.

that the Anarchists of the Convention domineer: it is There, that the Accuser of this Tribunal complains, that Blood is not shed in sufficient abundance: it is There, that to engage the mob to massacres, they corrupt the morals of the People; they preach up the necessity of levelling all fortunes, and all persons; and of carrying every where the Scythe of Equality. It is from thence that the Emissaries, who go about preaching the War of the Sans Culottes against People of Property, are commissioned and paid.

Every day, every night is a witness of these atrocious enterprizes: every night the spirit of the people is irritated, is exasperated: every night men go to bed with rage in their hearts, swearing to exterminate the enemies of the Jacobins.

The emissaries of theirs have said, they have repeated it, that it was the Cause of the People, that the People must be supported. Thus they dishonour'd the fair name of *the People*, by giving it to a handful of ignorant, or wicked men, who roared out in the Rostrums, or in the Mobs. The Atrocities, the threats of Assassination, the cries of Cannibals were the ordinary enjoyment of this People. Such is the excess of madness or hypocrisy, to which the People have been carried by Fear: they are become Cannibals through Fear.

I am

I am satisfied that I have fully proved that the Anarchists, under the name of the Jacobins of Paris, have governed, and do govern the Convention, the Executive Power, and all the administrations; and consequently that they govern the whole empire.

It remains for me to prove that the system of the Anarchists is the principal cause of all the evils that we suffer. What in truth are the calamities which afflict us? first, the *Multiplicity of Crimes*: that multiplicity is produced by impunity, which impunity is protected by the Anarchists, who strike all the Tribunals with a palsy, either by the fear they excite, or by denunciations, and accusations of Aristocracy. Secondly, *the repeated acts of violence, from every quarter, against property, and personal safety*. The Anarchists of Paris give every day the example, and their immediate emissaries every where preach up this violation of the rights of man. What do I say? They practise that violation every where. For what town has not been witness to these outrages? What town has not been witness of these violations? what town has not been in mourning on account of them? what town has not seen its best citizens thrown into irons? In what town have not these Anarchists, under pretence of striking at

Aristocrats,

Aristocrats, struck at good patriots, because they are zealous for order, and for the respect due to property. Thirdly, *the dearneſs of bread*. This is occaſioned by the ſcarcity of the markets, by the want of the circulation of grain. And what produces this ſcarcity, and ſtops this circulation? The eternal declamations of the Anarchiſts againſt men of property, whom they mark out by the name of Monopolizers: the huſbandman fears he ſhall be plundered or have his throat cut, and he leaves his Ricks untouched. Fourthly, *The Deſiciency of the public revenue*. Many Individuals pay nothing, becauſe the law has no force; and the law has no force, becauſe the Anarchiſts take away all force from it. Many diſtricts pay nothing, becauſe the example of Paris is ſeducing. Fifthly, *The failure of the adminiſtration almoſt throughout*: This the Anarchiſts alone occaſion, by crying out, and by making others, who are their truſty friends in the clubs, cry out too againſt all Miniſters. From the moment a man is in place, he becomes odious to the Anarchiſts; he appears culpable, he is denounced. This is the way to curry favour with the multitude, whoſe morals they have corrupted, and who delight in nothing but deſtruction. Men of property are inceſſantly deſtined to the ſword of Robbers:

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a perfectly innocent Town* has been declared to be in a state of Rebellion; it groans under a more tyrannic yoke, than that of Algiers, or Constantinople. That Town has experienced refinements of cruelty, such as Tiberius would not have permitted himself to be guilty of. Even Virtue itself joined with the greatest Talents, even uniform virtue is, under the Republican Form, exposed to swallow the Hemlock Draught. Generals, who have filled their functions with fidelity, who every day expose their lives in battle, are transferred to the Abbaye.

I confess I am still to learn how men hope to establish Liberty by Despotism, or to repel their enemies, or to disperse the discontented, without establishing Order. How can you expect that the Husbandman will sow the Earth, from which he has no assurance that he shall gather the Fruits? That the Merchant will buy and sell, when he expects his Shop to be pillaged? What is it that increases the number of mal-contents? Is it not the fear that every citizen feels, either for his fortune, or for his enjoyments, or for his life? If you persist in that state of Violence where every day pro-

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* Orleans.

is violated, or the safety of individuals is attacked, how can you diminish the number of mal-contents? Is it by commissioners, who in one day distribute more thousands of letters de Cachets, than were distributed in the old times by all the Inquisitors of State? Is it by exciting the poor against the rich, that you will make profelytes to your system? Convulsions in Politics, as in Physics must have their term: their too long duration is mortal. Have Order, have a good Constitution, and your mal-contents will soon be dispersed. I go further: have Order, have a good Constitution, and the foreign Powers will soon ask Peace of you. How can you expect that, in the uncertain and wavering state in which you are, foreign Powers should consent to treat with a Convention, which is every day dragged through the dirt? It is the lowest disgrace to treat with an executive Power, which is without intermission denounced, humiliated, and tottering. Foreign Powers, who would treat with us, say No! France is divided by Factions: one triumphs to day, tomorrow it will be the triumph of another: If you treat with one, the other will break the Treaty. There is no Stability. Let us wait for that Stability, and then we will treat.

We have run through the causes of our misfortunes

fortunes; our actual situation must be looked at to the end that we may be able to apply the remedy. Here then is our situation: *Popular Societies*, put in motion by whispers of certain artful men, who play the part of Spies to the Anarchists, and move the springs of Terror, of Suspicion, and of Calumny. The next Party is the *Anarchists*, few in number, but who well know to supply the deficiency by management—composed of Dupes and Rogues—of men of good lungs, who have only the faculty of coining Phrases, of shouting and bawling, and raising clamours and outcries, directed by certain hypocritical chiefs, who talk continually of Sans Culotterie while they are augmenting every day, their own property. *Galleries*, where the Sovereign Massacres domineer, designedly familiarized for a long time with Insolence, Disorder, and Vociferation.

Just at the *outside of the hall* certain groups of Cut-throats placed there to outrage and menace the Deputies in their passage.

In the Gardens, and the places about, groups of Idlers, who go thither as to a shew, and of Banditti, who preach the Order of the Day, and of female Bacchanals, who speak nothing but cutting off heads.

A Society of Jacobins, entirely abandoned by
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all true Patriots, by all well-informed men, by all who possess any modesty ; a Society, which is delivered up to ambitious and covetous leaders. *A public Force*, which is not organized, which is not armed : *A Department*, that is null or rendered Paralytic, when it does not join itself with the Anarchists : *A Municipality*, entirely at their devotion, and in a state of open rebellion against the Convention : *A Committee of Public Safety*, in the hands of which the whole Power is placed ; a Committee which can ruin, or serve France according to its moral, or immoral character, the Talents, or the Folly of its members ; a Committee, in which there is found among some, Rectitude without Spirit, among others Spirit without Rectitude, among a third, those who turn sentences and phrases, and shew a kind of animation, without either Spirit or Rectitude. They tell of Savages, who cleave their Sculls in order to cure themselves of the head-ach. That is the very Image of our Committee of Safety : it dreams only of War, and of Laws of Blood, yet it speaks to us of Negotiations. Ye Children, whom they amuse ! It is madness or idiotism itself to reckon upon a Peace, or upon Allies, while we are without a Constitution. There is no making an Alliance, there is no treating with Anarchy. To
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treat with men, who have not the power to arrest the guilty, by whom they are insulted at their very door! or the Women, who in spite of their teeth exercise the Police of their districts! or the Jacobins, who haughtily subscribe the contingent of heads to be cut off!

Such are the Individuals, such the Bodies, who act a part in the Republic: after such a state of facts, it is our business to see how the Republic may be saved. The Convention cannot save France, except by establishing Order, and a Constitution: It cannot establish order, but by making, and carrying into execution Decrees repressive of Anarchy: These Decrees cannot be made and executed, except the Deputies be set free from all personal fear. This fear will never go off, till the Convention is in perfect tranquillity, is surrounded with respect and confidence. The Deputies will never believe themselves free, except when they shall be calmly listened to, without being hooted at by the Galleries; when they shall be no longer threatened to have their throats cut for their opinions; when to repel these threats, they shall no longer come to the Convention armed with Swords, Pistols, and Poignards; for every Deputy is still reduced to that sad extremity; when they shall see the Convention, or the
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Tribunals, punish, or cause to be punished, both Calumniators, Ringleaders, and Assassins.

The most efficacious of all measures, to restore the ancient prosperity of France, is the restoration of Order and of Law. For it is a matter of demonstration that Order will never be established in Paris, as long as the Convention is ruled by the Robbers, who usurp the name of its inhabitants, as a disguise to decorate their sanguinary decrees. This people of Robbers, who distract Paris, and outrage the Convention, must be exterminated. And it is to these Robbers, whom they call **THE PEOPLE, THE SOVEREIGN,** that our Anarchists would subject all France.

Do you believe them? Do you believe that the people of France is only a compound of those mercenaries, hired to besiege the Senate, to insult the magistrates, to stimulate to pillages and conflagrations, and to call for murders without end? Is this troop of Banditti—is this the French people? The true people of France are they, who filled our towns, who are occupied in making our manufactures flourish; employed in our fields to fertilize the soil; employed in our armies, to defend their country. This is the people, who wish that their representatives should be free, in order that they may give them salutary laws! There
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is the people who say to the Robbers, I will sacrifice you all, if the blood of a single individual of my representatives be spilt!

Anarchists, Robbers! you may now strike: I have done my duty; I have told truths which will survive me; truths, which will prove to all France that good men have constantly exerted their whole strength to open her eyes, and to preserve her liberty.